

P O E M S.

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- I. The Prophecy of *NEPTUNE*.
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- III. ODE presented to the Duke of *NEWCASTLE*
at *Cambridge*.
- IV. ODE to the Hon. *J. Y.*

By *JOHN DUNCOMBE*, M. A.
Fellow of *Corpus Christi* College, *Cambridge*.



L O N D O N .

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*; and sold
by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1756.

26th Decr 1755

P O E M S.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

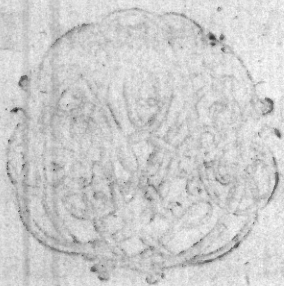
ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

IN ODE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

IN ODE TO THE HON. J. M.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.

FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



L O N D O N
Printed for R. and J. D. in Pall-mall, and sold
by M. Cooper, in Pall-mall, near St. James's Church.

THE
PROPHECY of NEPTUNE.

Imitated from *HORACE*, Book I. ODE XV.

Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable

ANTHONY Lord *Feverham*.

WHEN *Gallia*'s Fleet young *Stuart* bore
To *Scotland*'s hospitable Shore,
As thro' *Biscaya*'s stormy Bay
Th' impatient Hero urg'd his Way,
Stern *Neptune*, *Britain*'s Guardian God,
Swift-rising from the troubled Flood,
' Bad the hoarse Winds their Tumult cease,
And hush'd the angry Waves to Peace,
Whilst thus with harsh prophetic Truth
He warn'd the bold advent'rous Youth.

' With adverse Winds thou brav'st in vain
' These Seas, a fancy'd Crown to gain ;

' Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata.
' Mala ducis avi, &c.

' Perfidious is the Wind and Sea,
 ' But greater *Gallia's* Perfidy.
 ' Ev'n tho' to fix thee on the Throne
 ' Her Troops and Navy were thy own,
 ' Ere by that Navy wafted o'er
 ' Those Troops could gain the *British* Shore,
 ' What Ships, what Legions would be lost,
 ' For watchful *Vernon* guards the Coast.
 ' * Ev'n now the ³ dreaded *Lion* rears
 ' Her hostile Flag, and *Brett* appears,
 ' Crown'd with a Wreath bestow'd by Me
 ' In spicy *India's* Southern Sea.
 ' Undaunted by superior Force,
 ' He strait shall stop thy Convoy's Course,
 ' And soon those Thunders (felt by *Spain*)
 ' With *Gallic* Blood shall dye the Main,

* These Lines allude to the memorable Engagement between Sir *Piercy Brett* in the *Lion*, and the *Elizabeth*, the young Pretender's Convoy.

3 Jam galeam Pallas & ægida
 Currusque & rabiem parat.

‘ Till back to *Brest* the baffled Crew
 ‘ With splinter’d Masts their Course pursue,
 ‘ And leave thee to assert thy Throne,
 ‘ Unarm’d, unguarded, and alone.
 ‘ True, when thou gain’st a Northern Port,
 ‘ The neighb’ring Clans shall all resort,
 ‘ With Fifes their bonny *Charles* to greet,
 ‘ And lay their Targets at thy Feet ;
 ‘ Yet, tho’ with wide-unfolded Gates
 ‘ *Edina* thy Arrival waits,
 ‘ No Bribes shall win, no Threats shall wrest
 ‘ The Citadel from † hoary *Guest* ;
 ‘ And soon from Sloth shall *England* wake,
 ‘ And her luxurious Fetters break.
 ‘ When mitred ‡ *York* dissolves the Charm,
 ‘ See all the Nation takes th’ Alarm,
 ‘ And Prelates preach, and Nobles arm !

† Non Pylum Nestora respicis?

‡ Non Laërtiadem, &c.

' In vain, 'to please the *Scottish* Fair;
 ' Plad-Ribbons braid thy beauteous Hair;
 ' In vain, with *Caledonian* Grace,
 ' An azure Bonnet shades thy Face;
 ' With Target arm'd and Breadth of Sword,
 ' In vain thou foremost tempt'st the Ford,
 ' And dar'st each Night in Tents defy
 ' The Rigors of a freezing Sky.
 ' Tho' Conquest point to *Preston's* Mead,
 ' Tho' *Cope* shall fly, and *Gardner* bleed,
 ' Yet hardy Troops and Chiefs remain,
 ' To Battle train'd on *Flandria's* Plain;
 ' See ' *Crawford*, *Loudon*, *Huske*, and *Bland*,
 ' Surrounded by a vet'ran Band;
 ' And *Blakeney*, with Experience fraught
 ' At *Carthagera* dearly bought!
 ' What tho' the Hope of Plunder draws
 ' Some needy Nobles to thy Cause,

' Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox
 Pectus cæsariem, &c.

' Urgent impavidi te Salaminus
 Teucerque & Sthenelus, &c.

‘ Tho’ to thy Camp, with Vengeance vow’d,
 The Slaves of wily *Lovat* crowd,
 ‘ And in thy Host, with downcast Mien,
 ‘ *Kilmarnock*’s graceful Form is seen,
 ‘ Yet still no Tyes from *Brunswick*’s Side,
 ‘ Young *Boyde* and *Ancram* can divide,
 ‘ The Lowlands still thy Course oppose,
 ‘ And half the Nation are thy Foes.

‘ But now, to quench Rebellion’s Flame,
 ‘ And emulate his ⁸ Father’s Fame,
 ‘ To barren Heaths and wintry Skies
 ‘ From polish’d Courts young *William* flies,
 ‘ On snow-clad Hills his Standard rears,
 ‘ And soon *Culloden*’s Plain appears.

‘ O with what Grief shalt thou survey
 ‘ The ⁹ Ruin of that dreadful Day;
 ‘ When Slaughter uncontroll’d shall reign,
 ‘ And proudly stride o’er thousands slain !

8 Ecce furit te reperire atrox
 Tydides, melior patre.

9 Quanta moves funera Dardanæ genti ?

' When, fav'd for a severer Death,
 ' Thy Peers on Scaffolds yield their Breath,
 ' And Desolation's Talons seize
 ' Their Fields and forfeit Villages!

' Mean while, o'er many a craggy Height
 ' Thou, hapless Youth! shalt ¹⁰ speed thy Flight,
 ' For Safety forc'd to lay aside
 ' Thy martial Garb and manly Pride,
 ' And o'er the Friths and Mountains pass
 ' Dress'd ¹¹ like an awkward Highland Lads.

' At length, when all thy Dangers o'er,
 ' Thou safely gain'st that peaceful Shore,
 ' Where rapid *Rhone* with boist'rous Waves
 ' The Vines of mild *Avignon* laves,
 ' There shalt thou court monastic Ease,
 ' And tempt no more the faithless Seas,
 ' By Foes repuls'd, by Friends betray'd,
 ' Of *Britain* much, of *Gallia* more afraid.'

¹⁰ Quem tu———
 Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu.

¹¹ Cervus uti———



O N T H E
D E A T H

Of his ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK Prince of *WALES*.

SUNK was the solemn Taper's sickly Glare,
 Serene the Night and silent all the Air ;
 The fullen Drum, the Cannon's pausing Roar,
 And the funereal Knell were heard no more,
 When I repair'd, with due religious Dread,
 To the dim Mansions of the Royal Dead,
 And trod the vaulted Ground by *Cynthia's* Light
 Thro' story'd Windows glimm'ring on the Sight.
 There, as in *Henry's* hallow'd Dome I stray'd,
 I saw with Fancy's Eye each laurel'd Shade
 Start from the Tomb, shake off th' incumb'ring dust,
 And animate each venerable Bust ;

B

Saw fable *Edward's* Genius, still ador'd
 By *Britons*, hover o'er his pond'rous Sword,
 And *Henry*, Terror-plum'd, his Faulchion wield,
 Stern as in *Agincourt's* immortal Field.

But soon from thence with trembling Steps I turn
 To vent my Grief o'er that lamented Urn,
 Which, moist with *Britain's* Sorrow, now contains
 The Parent's, Husband's, *Frederick's* lov'd Remains.

‘ Ah Prince, I cry'd, while Pity fill'd my Eye,
 ‘ *Frederick*, endear'd by ev'ry social Tye,
 ‘ When late I saw thee drop a tender Tear
 ‘ Of feeling Sympathy on *Juliet's* Bier,
 ‘ And heard thy youthful Train with Sighs confess
 ‘ Humane Compassion at her feign'd Distress,
 ‘ How little thought I what a fatal Blow
 ‘ Would soon give Cause for undissembled Woe,
 ‘ That we in sad Procession soon should join,
 ‘ And the next fun'ral Obsequies be thine!

‘ No longer now in *Kew's* or *Cliefden's* Grove
 ‘ That pratt'ling Train shall with thee sportive rove,

' No more their Stories shall thy Walks beguile,
 ' Nor thou repay those Stories with a Smile,
 ' Nor view their Eyes, and with a Kifs declare
 ' Thou seest their Mother, thy *Augusta*, there.

' But O! thou Partner of his happiest Hour,
 ' Thou widow'd Fair, a Partner now no more,
 ' *Augusta*, late what Transports fill'd thy Breast,
 ' Blest in thy Comfort, in thy Children blest!
 ' On downy Feet each golden Moment flew,
 ' Rich with such Love as earliest Ages knew;
 ' Thy envy'd Palace with such Bliss was crown'd,
 ' As is in Palaces but rarely found;
 ' Such Bliss as ev'n the Nymphs of rural Plains
 ' Experience rarely with their Cottage Swains.

' But now'-----

While thus I mourn'd, an undulating Light,
 Swift darting thro' the Fane dispers'd the Night,
 Each Pillar bow'd, each sculptur'd Statue shook,
 And from the hollow Vault these Accents broke.

' Grieve not for Me; but yield to Heav'n's Behest!
 ' I feel the Sigh that heaves my Confort's Breast;
 ' But know, such Virtues never can despair,
 ' Blest with my Children's Love and Father's Care;
 ' A Husband's Loss that Father shall supply,
 ' Those Children, train'd beneath her forming Eye,
 ' Shall well their Grand-fire's Tenderneſs repay,
 ' The fav'rite Theme of ev'ry *British* Lay.

' Nor think, that thou shalt ſee the deathleſs Name
 ' Of *Britain* blotted from the Rolls of Fame,
 ' Ev'n when the laſt ſad Duties ſhall be paid,
 ' In theſe arch'd Iſles, to *George's* honour'd Shade;
 ' Another *George* ſhall then, ev'n then, impart
 ' Rekindling Tranſports to each loyal Heart:
 ' Thro' dark Futurity my raviſh'd Eyes
 ' View other *Edwards, Henries, Williams* riſe:
 ' I ſee, I ſee the blooming Train advance,
 ' The Pride of *Britain*, and the Dread of *France*;
 ' Bards yet unborn their Praises ſhall reſound,
 ' Alike in Senates and in Fields renown'd,

‘ FairFreedom’s Throne they dauntless shall main-

‘ And rule with sov’reign Nod the subject Main.

‘ Then *Britain* shall with grateful Joy embrace

‘ ThedarlingYouths, and view her *Frederick’s* Race

‘ To all their great Forefathers’ Fame aspire,

‘ Nor, when she views the Sons, forget the Sire.’



[Main]

Right freedom & I move they dandle shall main-

And I shall be the subject of Main.

With a joyful and grateful joy once

Whom I shall see, and view her face

To tell their name, I am a king

Not when the view the sea, forget the sea.

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O D E

Presented to his GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES,
DUKE of *NEWCASTLE,*
CHANCELLOR of the University of *Cambridge,*

At his Arrival there, JUNE 14, 1753.

I.

FROM the Moss-grown Coral Cave
Circed by thy silver Wave,
Where to thy adoring Eyes
Oft thy laurel'd Sons arise,

Father *Camus*, haste and hear!
 Haste, hither haste, and to thy fav'rite Mead
 The blithsome Band of Sister *Naiads* lead!
 For see! from rural Joys and public Cares,
 From *Esher*'s peaceful Grove,
 And *Claremont*'s proud Alcove,
 From Freedom's Council and *Britannia*'s King,
 Once more to thy *Castalian* Spring
 The Guardian of the Muse repairs:
 O'er yon embroider'd Plain,
 With Patriots in his Train,
 Propt on thy sculptur'd Urn behold him stray!
 When *Athens* call'd, could *Rome* detain,
 Or *Tusculum* delay?
 Haste then, and hail the happy Hour
 That to thy fragrant Bow'r,
 To *Granta* and the Nine [thine.
 Such Sons, such Patriots gave, and made a HOLLES

II.

* In some sequester'd Shade,
 Attended by the tuneful Maid,
 Pleas'd let me catch the plausive Song
 Of all the Sister Arts, that round him throng,
 When with a golden emblematic Prize
 He decks each blushing Youth,
 Who conquer'd in the Lifts of Fame,
 By Science favour'd, and approv'd by Truth :
 Since Strength of Genius far outvies
 The Body's brutal Force,
 Since one Excursion of the Mind exceeds
 The swiftest Sallies of victorious Steeds,
 Less glorious were the Boughs,
 Which, at the boasted *Grecian* Games,
 Adorn'd a *Theron's* or a *Hiero's* Brows,
 Tho' *Pindar's* lofty Lays immortalize their Names.

* This and the two following Stanzas allude to those three signal Proofs which his Grace has given of his Regard for the Learning, Morals, and Splendor of his University: 1. By establishing annual Prizes; 2. By forming new Regulations; and 3. By setting on foot a Subscription for a new Library, towards which his Majesty, with his usual Munificence, contributed 2000 l.

III.

From thee, great Friend of Virtue's Cause,
What various Blessings flow !
To thy unweary'd Zeal the Muses owe
That, check'd with just Controul
By salutary Laws,
Youth's rapid Streams serenely roll,
For Discipline resumes her wide Command,
And dauntless rules with unrelaxing Hand.

IV.

Ev'n now, aspiring to the Sky,
A long-wish'd Structure strikes my Sight
With Wonder and Delight,
Piercing the Vale of dark Futurity !
For soon shall *Camus'* glassy Stream
Reflect a rising Dome,
Worthy *Athens*, worthy *Rome*,
Worthy *Phæbus'* blissful Seat,
Worthy *Pelham's* lov'd Retreat,
The Muse's Glory and the Poet's Theme.

V.

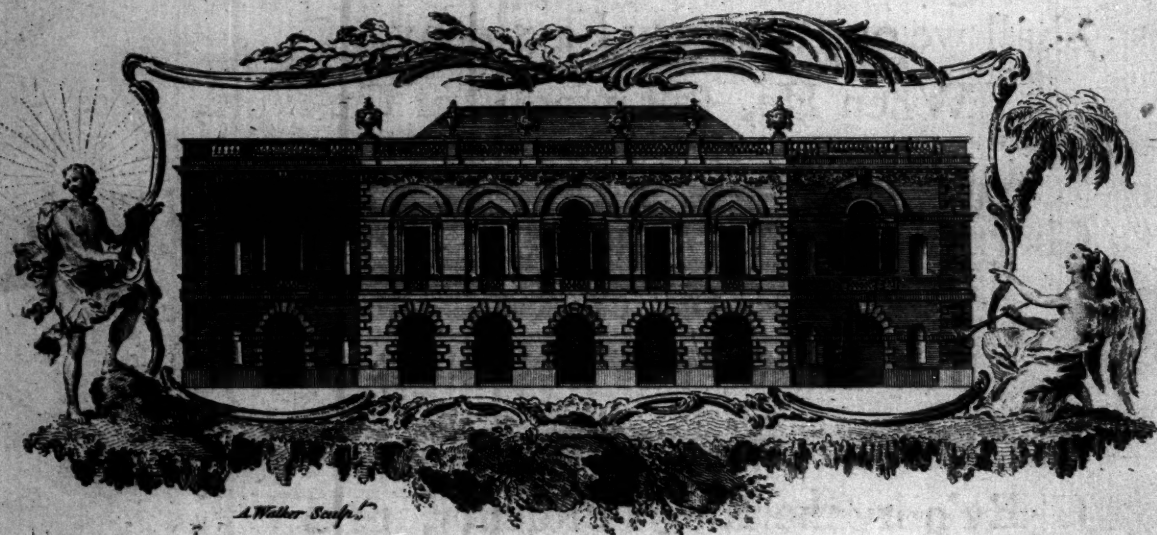
O *Granta*, with majestic Mien
 Advance, and hail the sacred Scene !
 Let *Music* leave her airy Tow'r,
 And breathe her softest Strains ;
 Let *Fragrance* quit her Myrtle Bow'r,
 And range the flow'ry Plains :
 She shall her choicest Incense shed
 Round HOLLES' honour'd Head,
 While GEORGE'S Praises *Music* shall proclaim,
 And warble to the Groves their Sov'reign's Name.

VI.

Shall we our tributary Lays deny,
 When He, still mindful of the Nine,
 (Who long have left their native Sky,
 Charm'd with the Glories of the *Brunswick* Line,)
 Pours forth his Treasures, to complete
 The Grandeur of their fav'rite Seat,
 And bids their Domes with *Parian* Lustre shine ;
 His bright Example shall their Sons inspire,
 The Great, the Wealthy fire,
 And raise to loftiest Heights their tow'ring Fame.

VII.

O *Camus*, thro' thy Laurel Shade
 Tho' Kings and Statesmen oft have stray'd ;
 Tho' in these Groves with Patriot Hand
 Sage *Burleigh* bore the Olive Wand,
 And on thy Borders, crown'd with Bay,
Eliza heard the Muse's Lay ;
 Once more exalt thy reedy Brows, for see !
 Tho' charg'd with *Europe's* Fate,
 The Noble and the Great,
 The Statesman and the Prince, remember Thee.





O D E

To the Honourable J. R.

Imitated from *H O R A C E*, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

FOR Quiet, on *Newmarket's* Plain,
The shiv'ring Curate prays in vain,
When wintry Show'rs are falling,
And stumbling Steed and whistling Wind
Quite banish from his anxious Mind
The Duties of his Calling.

With Thoughts engross'd by Routs and Plays,
The gallant Soph for Quiet prays,
Confuted and confuting ;
And Quiet is alike desir'd
Ev'n by the King's Professor, tir'd
With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded Senate, on the Chair
Of our Vice-Chancellor fits Care,
Undaunted by the Mace ;
Care climbs the Yatch, when adverse Gales
Detain, or tear our Patron's Sails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How blest is he whose annual Toil
With well-rang'd Trees improves a Soil
For Ages yet unborn !
Such as at humble *Barley*, plann'd
By mitred *Herring's* youthful Hand,
The cultur'd Glebe adorn.

From Place to Place we still pursue
Content, and hope in each to view
The visionary Guest ;
Vainly we fly intruding Care,
Not all, like you, the Joys can share
Of *Wimple* and of *Wrest*.

Then let us snatch, while in our Pow'r,
The present transitory Hour,

And leave to Heav'n the Morrow ;
Youth has its Griefs ; a Friend may die,
Or Nymph deceive ; for none can fly
The Giant Hand of Sorrow.

His Country's Hope and Parent's Pride,
In Bloom of Life young *Blandford* died :

His godlike Father's Eyes
Were dimm'd with Age and helpless Tears ;
And Heav'n to Me may grant the Years
Which it to You denies.

Your rising Virtues soon will claim
A Portion of your Brothers' Fame,
And catch congenial Fire ;
They shine in Embassy and War,
They grace the Senate and the Bar,
And emulate their Sire.

Invested with the sacred Gown,
You soon, to rival their Renown,
The glorious Task shall join;
And while *they* guard *Britannia's* Laws,
You, steady to Religion's Cause,
Shall guard the Laws *divine*.

1753.

F I N I S

